

# The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXXII.

SALEM, N. C., APRIL 24, 1884.

NO. 17.

WAXING AND WANING.

Hope and the sun are like as one—  
Both largest when they rise;  
They shrink alike from morn till noon,  
As morn grows old and wise.

With what unbounded hope the boy  
Begins his world-career!  
How wondrous large and bright with joy  
Do rising sons appear!

But as the sun grows less and less,  
And pale as they climb  
The vacant sky, so we confess  
The cold descents of time.

Our boyhood hopes will shrink and fade  
As boyhood drifts away;  
And one by one to rest are laid  
The failures of the day.

And yet the sun at noon that turns  
Its downward course will grow and grow,  
Till in the west it rolls and burns.  
As large as half a day ago.

So, as we hear that other sphere,  
The early hope revives,  
That all we thought was ours here  
May be in other lives.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

LEFT BEHIND.

It was 10 o'clock of a July morning, and the largest fraction of humanity had been some hours earning its daily bread. The idlers had just risen from the breakfast-table. To this latter class belonged the young man who leaned lazily on the piazza railing, and looked absently out over Lake Winnipakie. Beside him in a huge chair sat a little woman rocking to and fro with a smile upon her face, and with her fingers picking in and out among bright silk and crevets. She was idle, too, in her woman's laborious way, but there was a lack of repose in her indolence that made it vest to turn again to her brother, who stood in a statuesque inaction, looking into the still water below.

"What are you going to do, to-day?" the little woman asked.

"Nothing."

"There's a great deal going on, and very nice sort of people, too. Do you think that pretty girl down there at the landing?"

"The one with red?"

"Yes, don't you think she's pretty?"

"I have thought of it."

"Well, she is—remarkably. Wouldn't you like to meet her? I could easily manage it."

"I'm not particular. Is she worth while?"

"Then you exasperate me. Do you take an interest in anything?"

"I don't care for anything else. I'm on Wall street. I'm off duty now, and I believe in resting in a philosophical sort of a way."

"Well, I suppose you are tired, poor fellow. I know how you feel. I am tired myself most of the time."

"Tired. I look like it," laughed the young man. "I'll tell you it is; I simply want my liberty. It doesn't do you any good to be a man with half a dozen girls whom you can never see again."

"Oh, well, don't, then."

Ben Adams at twenty-one had performed his social duties with great zest. Four years later he was still heart whole, and beginning to take a purely fraternal interest in maturing debutantes. He danced less and went to the opera alone, and with his friend Rutland, a confirmed bachelor of twenty-nine. With entire resignation young Adams acted as usher at many fashionable weddings, and without a sigh saw Catherine, Kate and Kitty led down the aisle by other men. And so he approached his thirties and within a year or two there was the piazza railing at Lake Winnipakie, and declared to his sister that William Crusoe was the luckiest fellow of his acquaintance. Give me a desert isle for a summer sojourn. What would refresh a man like going back to savage?"

"I don't think it would be enough of a change to benefit some I know," laughed his sister. "Well, Ben, all I can say is you are very different from what you use to be."

In the meanwhile the boat below pushed off, and Adams followed it with his eyes, chiefly because it would have been more trouble to look another way. The young man, who had been looking at the Vail, and the boy at the vase was her twelve-year-old brother. Josephine was a young lady of views supported by more or less logic and by what some thought an extremely pretty face. Her enemies—but she had none—would have said that while she despised conventionalities she was more amoral than obliged to disregard them, and while she represented the protecting limitations of her sex, she was quite willing to accept the attentions based on the theory of their existence. Her father said one day: "Nothing would take the kinks out of Josephine like settling down with a good husband." The young lady took it in high dudgeon and went away to wonder if she were to be left. On the particular July morning Josephine secured her brother Tom's services as oarsman, not because she was not perfectly able to row herself, but because it would keep Tom out of mischief.

"Don't rock the boat, Tom. It doesn't float me, but I can't read."

There was a pause.

"How near the bank, in the shade, Another long pause.

"Say, sis," said Tom at length, "now we're off, I'll tell you where we're going."

"Where you're going? Why, you're going to take me out for a row."

"Not much. I'm going two miles about to see some fellows who are camping out."

"And going to take me? I think you're mistaken, sir. Give me those oars."

"No you don't. Leave 'em alone and sit still."

"Tom, turn this boat instantly, or I'll

What will you do? Come now; you sit still or I'll—"

"Tom, there's the Devil Island just ahead. Don't run into it. Be careful; you're going straight toward it."

"We might land there," he said, boldly.

To be sure we might," said his sister, glad of anything to divert him from a walk.

"All right, just as you say."

Tom turned his boat toward the great rock, which lifted its broad back out of the water. It was fitly called the Desert Isle, for its few square feet of surface supported not so much as a blade of grass or a bit of taos.

"How?" was all Josephine said, in the monosyllable.

"Hullo-o!" shouted a shrill voice from the water.

"Hullo-o!" called Adams back.

Blank astonishment wiped all expression out of Tom's face at first, but a broad grin finally made its appearance.

"You're a great one, Jo," he muttered.

"I'd like to know where you wouldn't find a beau. Did he drop down out of the clouds?"

"Hush, sir; you have been a very naughty boy."

As the young man Adams devoted himself to cultivating the acquaintance of the young scapgeace. The latter

proved very approachable, and Adams found no difficulty in persuading him to go for a swim the next day.

"Good boy! I hope you will enjoy yourself. I'll see you later."

Plato says: "A boy is the most vicious of wild beasts." Plato and Miss Vail were of one opinion on that point. She looked about her and took in the situation. She was monarch of about twenty-five feet of rough gray rocks, the sides of which descended to the water. She took her brother into her room and turned the key.

"Tom, you've treated me very badly to-day. What would you give if I didn't tell father? You wouldn't like to be sent back to the military school, you know."

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THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1884.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.

## THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1884.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

**\$1.50 A YEAR.**

The Press entered its thirty-second year on January 1st, 1884. It will be now in the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 3, 1884.

### HAD WE NAPOLEON'S MARSHAL AMONG US!

Who Was He?

Special for the Press.]

In the year 1822 there came to Davie County, N. C., Peter Stewart Ney, a man of fine military bearing, of some means, and with such evidence of education as to enable him to open and carry on a school for boys, during some twenty years.

He spoke French well—English brokenly, was accomplished and skilled in the use of the sword and all warlike weapons, and his ability as a teacher has rarely been equaled.

He commanded the respect and gained the love of his pupils to an eminent degree—a long list of men notable as jurists and scholars, as soldiers and statesmen, could be given who were taught by this man, about whose life and manners there was enough mystery to justify many reports.

He lived in close intercourse with the people of the neighborhood of Mocksville, for twenty-four years; only once when sober and cool, did he claim to be other than what he appeared on this occasion, even to the kindness of Mr. Houston with whom he then lived, who tried to console him during his deep distress on the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne of France in 1830, he confessed that he was in truth what many firmly believed, that eminent personage, Marshal Ney.

He gave as a reason for his coming to the backwoods of North Carolina, that if he stayed near a city, he might have been recognized and assassinated, besides bringing ruin to his friends in France, who had risked so much in assisting him to escape.

It was currently reported that after the overthrow of Napoleon, Ney, who was supposed to have been shot for treason on December 7th, 1815, really only feigned death, and was saved by the collusion of his old soldiers, who had been detailed to shoot him; that they fired blank cartridges, and afterwards assisted him to escape to America, where he arrived in January, 1816.

There are some papers now in the possession of a professor of law in this State, written by the veritable Ney, and others by P. S. Ney, of Davie; these have been compared by experts who declare that the same hand penned both.

When this poor school-master heard of the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, he burned a great many papers, and endeavored to destroy his sword, which he had always kept with him; he did break it, and it is probable that the hilt of that sword which added so much to the victories of Napoleon, in the hands of the greatest cavalry leader the world had then seen—now in the possession of a North Carolina farmer.

The great Ney had received a ghastly sabre cut on his forehead, and his lower limbs were wounded, having been run over by a troupe of cavalry; this Peter Stewart Ney always combed a lock of hair over an unsightly scar on his forehead and it is known from reliable witnesses that his lower limbs were terribly marked and scarred.

Many statements, traditions and written evidences might be brought forward to prove the identity of these two persons; as well as the fact that while intoxicated he frequently declared himself to be Napoleon's Marshal.

He also had miniatures of Napoleon, and of his son the Duke of Reichstadt.

His correspondence was chiefly carried on through the French consul at Norfolk.

Peter Stewart Ney came to America in January, 1816, and died at the house of Mr. Osborne Ford in the latter part of 1846. He was buried in Third Creek Churchyard in Rowan County, and a neat stone placed over his grave.

It was the earnest belief of numbers who have died, and of many who still live, that their old teacher and neighbor was identical with the great soldier of France; but it reasonably objections are raised to re-inscribing the simple monument in Third Creek Church yard—Marshal Michael Ney, our first question reverts; *Who was he?*

D. E. H.

The Charlotte *Observer* says: Adjutant General Jones has gone to Washington in the interest of the military appropriation bill. The bill to increase the appropriation for the militia of the States from \$200,000 to \$600,000 has passed the Senate and will be before the House on the 21st. If it passes the State Guard of North Carolina will have an appropriation of \$16,000 per annum, and in the event of success, Gen. Jones intends to immediately arrange for a grand encampment of our soldiers in the mountains of the coming summer.

It is the understanding among the officers of the Guard that the encampment would be at Raleigh for a week, during the exposition.

—DEMOCRAT'S MAGAZINE for April is a highly interesting and instructive number. The articles are varied and of an interesting nature, among which may be mentioned: "How we Live in New York—the Charities of a Great City," by Jennie June; "Two Sides of the Question;" "The Diamond Pendant;" and the admirable serial, "The Shores of Nothing."

The various departments contain much that is useful, and the illustrations add considerably to the interest of the magazine. There were many military, religious and social organizations. The display was very creditable.

No special attention seems hitherto to have been called to the remarkable portraits of American statesmen that have recently been appearing in HARPER'S. They have included so far full-page portraits of Washington, the elder Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Alexander Hamilton, besides several smaller portraits; for the May number we are promised Monroe, Henry Clay and Rufus King, and Mr. Knebel, the distinguished engraver who has done most of these is understood to be based upon the younger Adams.

The portrait of Buchanan in the January number may also be mentioned. Many of these have been engraved from original paintings or drawings not before reproduced, and the result is likely to be an American portrait gallery fitly presented in the highest style of the especially American art of wood-engraving.

—The conservation of Rev. Alfred A. Watson, as Bishop of East Carolina, took place in Wilmington on Tuesday of last week. Bishop Greene of Mississippi, assisted by Bishop Lyman of North Carolina and Bishop Howe of South Carolina officiated.

—Deputy Collector Stipe, of the Fifth District of North Carolina, reports that he made a raid into Orange County, N. C., Thursday, and captured three illicit distilleries and 6,000 gallons of beer.

### HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

The students of Davidson College, says the Charlotte *Observer*, have selected their orator for commencement day on June 19th, in the person of Prof. Jas. H. Carlisle, LL. D., of Furman University, S. C. Prof. Carlisle has written that he will accept and will be on hand to deliver the annual oration.

N. C. RAILROADS.—Since last Monday, says the Charlotte *Observer*, fifty-one flat cars have arrived at Salisbury from Richmond and gone up the Western North Carolina road. All were loaded with new steel rails to be put down on the Western N. C.

By the time the summer travel begins, this road will have one hundred miles laid in steel rail, its rolling stock will be new and improved, and it will be the Pennsylvania road on the South.

—This is the way a North Carolina newspaper correspondent puts a familiar, *political issue*: What is to be the end of a Buncombe farmer, dressed in Baltimore clothing, with Massachusetts shoes, who till his North Carolina land with a Kentucky plough drawn by a Tennessee horse, fed on Tennessee hay, who rides to town every Saturday in an Indiana wagon to lay in his week's supply of Tennessee bread, New York butter, Chicago meat, Kentucky whisky and Durham tobacco?

—Four thousand emigrants arrived at New York on Saturday from Europe, of whom 2,500 were from Germany.

—More heavy rains in Arkansas and other Western and South Western States, doing much damage to railroads and other property.

—The Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad has been completed to Greensboro. The first train arrived on the 16th.

### State Democratic Executive Committee.

The State Democratic Executive Committee met in Raleigh on the 16th. Capt. Octavius Coke tendered his resignation as chairman, and Mr. R. W. Battle was elected to fill the vacancy. The appointments of the central committee, filling district vacancies, were ratified.

On motion, Wednesday the 25th day of June, was fixed for the meeting of the State convention, and Raleigh designated as the place of holding the same.

The following resolutions, offered by Mr. Galloway, of Wayne, were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That individually and as a committee we heartily approve the plank in the platform of the Democratic party advocating the abolition of the internal revenue system of the general government as onerous and oppressive to the people of the State.

*Resolved*, That the policy of the party in this State on this question has been repeatedly declared both in its platform and in numerous memorials from Democratic legislatures, addressed to the Congress of the United States, and the position of the Democratic party in this regard is too well known to admit of doubt or misconception.

*Resolved*, That we heartily commend the earnest and faithful efforts of our Democratic representatives from this State to secure a speedy repeal of the taxes imposed by this oppressive system.

*Resolved*, That the people of North Carolina are too enlightened to be deceived by the pretended claim of the coalition and Republican parties of this State to desire a repeal of this system. They ascertained in their platform and maintained upon the canvass two years ago, the justice of continuing said system, and their sudden announcement of an opposite policy is a recognition of the validity and justice of the position of the Democratic party upon this great question.

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The resignation of Col. L. D. Stephenson, of Wake, as a member of the central executive committee, was tendered. It was accepted, and R. G. Dunn, Esq., was chosen to fill the vacancy.

The following resolution, offered by Mr. W. B. Glenn, was adopted:

*Resolved*, That it is recommended to the county conventions that when they meet to send delegates to the state convention they also appoint delegates to attend a congressional convention of the districts as now constituted, to be held at the same time and place with the State convention, for the purpose of organization in the congressional districts, and also to elect delegates to the national convention.

It was understood and announced that the congressional conventions alluded to in the above resolution, are solely for purposes of organization and electing delegates to the national Democratic convention, and not for nominating candidates for Congress.

*The Bird Law.*

The gun and dog can have a rest now as the bird law went into effect on April 1st. It would be well to see that it is rigidly enforced, for farmers have not better friends than the insect destroying birds. We give below the clauses from the "Code" upon the law. Cut it out and preserve for reference.

Section 2334.—No person shall at any time take or destroy the eggs of partridges or quails; and any person violating this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined not exceeding ten dollars for each offense.

Section 2336.—No person shall at any time take or destroy the eggs of pheasants or quails; and any person violating this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined not more than \$50 or by imprisonment for not more than thirty days.

As a superb hair dressing and renover Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally recommended. It eradicates scurf and dandruff, cures all eruptions and itchings of the scalp, promotes the renewed growth of the hair, and surely prevents its fading or turning gray.

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# The People's Press.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1884.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N.W.C.R.  
No. 9 Leaves Salem, 5:30 a.m.  
No. 10 Leaves Salem, 11:30 a.m.  
No. 11 Leaves " 7:30 p.m.  
No. 12 Arrives " 12:45 a.m.

Mr. A. Butler, of the Salem Hotel is quite unwell.

The Winston *Republican* has moved into the new Gray building.

Eighteen colored persons were baptised in Bolo's pond Sunday afternoon.

The Republicans of this county, will hold their county convention on Saturday.

People seem to be earlier planting corn this spring than usual, many are done planting.

We hear that Pleasant Retreat Sunday School will have an entertainment this spring.

Various reports indicate that oats sown last fall are looking remarkably well.

WHISPERING PINES.—A few copies at the Salem Book Store.

A little son of Robert Griffith, of Lewisville township, was bitten by a mad dog.

BEES.—We learn that W. H. Hall is making his bees pay him well for his trouble.

We learn the Wachovia Band will furnish the music at Oak Ridge Commencement, May 27th.

The stockholders of the N. W. C. Railroad company will meet in Greensboro on the 6th of May.

The Foreign Mission collection in the Moravian Church on Sunday morning last amounted to \$143.

The Sunday morning services will be held in the Academy Chapel, during the time occupied in frescoing the church.

We hear of hogs dying of cholera in some parts of the county. One man says he lost seven during one week. Chickens are also dying in some places.

Elm Street Sunday School will give a promenade concert and strawberry festival early in May next, in the Public Square.

SALEM HOME Sunday School will meet on Sunday mornings at Elm Street Chapel, in the interior of the church is finished.

The Harris Remedy Co. St. Louis, Mo., must have confidence in the Pasteille treatment, for weakness, nervous exhaustion, etc., in men, they offer free trials and trust to results for orders.

FOR SALE.—A Devon bull calf. Enquire at this office.

Rev. E. P. Parker, who has charge of the Lutheran churches in this section, has lately moved his family to Salem, and occupies a home near the Elm Street Chapel.

One lady says that chickens are usually lousy in the spring, and are not apt to lay until rid of them. She says red pepper fed to them in dose will remove lice.

C. F. Nissen & Co., are digging a new well to supply water to run their machinery. The old one was caving and did not furnish a sufficient quantity for their purposes.

Alex. C. Hege called on us last week. He says the Press does not reach him regularly, which we regret. There are other similar complaints, which we cannot account for.

The Maple Springs Sunday School will celebrate its first anniversary on the first Sunday in May, with an entertainment, to which all Sunday School workers and friends are invited.

N. W. Craft, of Cedar Cove Nurseries, Shore, P. O., Yadkin county, writes that the fruit crop of his section is safe, so far, except that the strawberries are damaged to some extent.

A Sunday School Convention of the Yadkin Baptist Association will be held at Enon, beginning on Friday, before the 3d Sunday in May. Rev. G. Bell will deliver the introductory sermon.

A protracted meeting is in progress in the Baptist church, Winston, conducted by the pastor Rev. H. A. Brown and Rev. S. F. Conrad. Prayer meeting every evening at 8 o'clock and preaching at 8 o'clock each night.

Fish.—We learn that a German carp, 21 inches in length and weighing 61 pounds, was caught in the Yadkin river, brought to Winston and placed in Dr. Baldwin's fish pond, about a mile below town.

Dr. Baldwin speaks very favorably of his fish ponds, and says they will pay him handsomely.

EMORY'S Little Cathartic is the best and only reliable Liver Pill known, nine miles with the most obstinate cases, rarely vegetable, sugar-coated, tasteless, harmless, no griping or unpleasant effects. Druggists sell them 15 cents.

A LARGE TREE.—In Guilford county, in Hugh R. Little's yard, stands a white oak tree, which measures 33 feet in circumference, from which there has been known to have been gathered ten bushels of acorns in one season. From the end of one side limb to the other, by several is supposed to measure 60 feet.

We were handed the following municipal tickets for Mayor and Commissioners for the town of Salem:

For Mayor—T. B. Douthit.  
For Commissioners—J. W. Fries, J. G. Sides, A. A. Spaulding, N. T. Shore, Thomas Spaulding, L. A. Brier, W. T. Vogler.

For Mayor—C. H. Fogle.  
For Commissioners—J. W. Fries, J. G. Sides, C. B. Pöhl, H. S. Crist, G. S. Hauser, Wm. A. Vance.

We are pleased to see Robert Gilmer, whose eyes were operated on by Dr. Baldwin is up and about, and sees very well. He is with Capt. Gilmer, of Winston, for a few days.

The attention of farmers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Baugh & Sons in another column. The reputation of their Phosphate is world-wide. Send for circular.

—BOOT AND SHOE POLISH at Welfare's. Try it; you will be pleased with it. No brushing.

A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending April 19th, 1883:

—HUGH Isaac Fisher, Mrs. Martha Gaither, Miss Carrie Hine, Miss Mollie D. Mock, Mrs. Lou C. Norwood, Miss Julia A. Reynolds, William Reed, L. P. Robbins, Mrs. Mary J. Stafford, Mr. Solomon.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters. If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

J. BLICKENDERFER, P. M.

WANTED.  
An experienced Dry Goods salesman. Young man preferred.

Address box 292  
Winston, N. C.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

[FROM THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH.]

On last Thursday, Mr. J. P. Horney was married to Miss Bettie Everhart, at the residence of S. B. Lore, the officiating magistrate, in Concord Hill Township. On the same day, at Tyro, Mr. John M. Lamb was married to Miss Emma Brooks, by H. H. Hartley, Esq. Both the grooms were formerly clerks in J. W. Finch's store, and now it is said Finch has another Lamb for the slaughter, and the event is expected to come off shortly.

—Register and vote at the town election. The books are open at A. C. Hege's store. S. W. Rice, W. G. Penny, W. D. Smith and J. H. Crews.

—The Foreign Mission collection in the Moravian Church on Sunday morning last amounted to \$143.

The Sunday morning services will be held in the Academy Chapel, during the time occupied in frescoing the church.

—The stockholders of the N. W. C. Railroad company will meet in Greensboro on the 6th of May.

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—The Sunday morning services will be held in the Academy Chapel, during the time occupied in frescoing the church.

—The Wagon Factory, under the management of Messrs. Harold & Ballard, is getting under way nicely. It is within a stone's throw of the depot, and may become one of the leading industries of the place, as they intend to put up first-class work.

The Moravian Annual Conference for this district, will convene at Friedberg church, on Friday before the 2d Sunday in May. Some of the delegates have already been elected. From Friedberg, William A. Weavil and John McChristian, *Providence*, L. Lindsay Walker and J. H. Crews.

C. L. R. Kershaw, April 21st, 1884.

[FROM THE REPORTER AND POST.]

—Most of the peaches and many of the apples in this section were killed by the frost last week.

A blacksmith shop belonging to John Hutcherson, of Sandy Ridge, was consumed by fire one day last week. The shop contained a valuable set of tools and machinery, besides several wagons and buggies.

The subject debated by the Danbury Literary Society on Saturday night last was: "Is the plan of working the roads by taxation desirable?" or, "ought the man who owns no stock, but merely walks a log path, to contribute as much to the working of the roads as one who owns teams?"

Wheat is looking unusually well for the season. Farmers anticipate a heavy yield, if not injured by storm or blight.

The prospect for winter oats never was better. Corn planting is going on lively; much pain has been taken in preparing the land, both for corn and tobacco; the acreage of tobacco will be double this season in this vicinity, one company will set thirty acres. There is no longer any doubt about the growing of tobacco being a success in Northeast Davidson county. This soil will produce both fibre and texture equal to any in the State. Stokes county men have joined some of our farmers to grow tobacco this season.

The Drainage Law Commissioners on Abbott's Creek are quick to speak, but slow to perform. They having had their appointment for nearly two years; still the frogs and turtles sleep unmolested in their long inhabited lairs; and the wild ducks and geese have not lost a puddle nor pond. We do hope that immediate action will be taken by the commissioners to have sand stopped, and channels opened. By expending two hundred dollars in ditching, ten thousand bushels of corn can be annually grown where there is not one bushel grown now. The cry is, is up and doing, or the former drainage will be strictly adhered to.

The frost of last week killed the greater portion of the fruit in low lands, and on the creeks; no damage yet discovered on the ridges; but it should not drop from chill nor injured by frost, there will be a full crop of all kinds.

Prof. J. P. Leonard's third church first of present year, he has a large class as usual, and is highly appreciated by the class as teacher.

There has been a move in real estate, some land has changed hands, several more parties wishing small quantities, A. O. Ray & Co., bought 293 acres of M. D. Raper for which they paid \$31250. W. H. Brown bought of Richard Brown Acre with some improvements, paid \$1500.

The Juniors of Jericho had a party on Monday night last. Two young ladies and forty boys made up the crowd. Two banjos and guitars furnished the music. They are a fun-loving set, those Jericho broods.

—The contemplated Salem and Fayetteville road boom is still echoed in the city cemetery Sunday afternoon, Rev. W. A. Sample officiating. A large number of friends who had known and loved him in life, followed his remains to their last resting-place, and dropped a tear on his grave—a grave made far from the home of his kindred and the scenes of his childhood.

The remains were laid away in the city cemetery Sunday afternoon, Rev. W. A. Sample officiating. A large number of friends who had known and loved him in life, followed his remains to their last resting-place, and dropped a tear on his grave—a grave made far from the home of his kindred and the scenes of his childhood.

HATS! HATS!!

GIERSH & SENSEMAN have the largest and best selected stock of

NOBIE STRAW HATS.

for young men in the city.

Calf and examine, price reasonable.

A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage and receive a copy of the *Scientific American*, which will help all of either sex, to get a good position in the world. For address, see the *Scientific American*. At once.

MUNN & CO., 205 Broadway, New York.

SALES BOOKSTORE.

We offer a number of fine Christmas, New Year and Easter Cards, in assorted lots, cheap for cash. The supply is limited.

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

*Messrs. Editors:* On Easter morning, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, we met in the Moravian church at 5 o'clock, a.m., and when it became light enough went to the graveyard where the usual Easter services were held. Unusual pains had been taken on the part of friends to deck the graves with flowers, and it made a pretty appearance.

These PILLS are composed of vegetable substances, and are absolutely free from salt or any other injurious ingredients.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"—*ALEX. PILLS* are invaluable to me and are my constant companion. A sufferer from Headache, I carry a small bottle of *ALEX. PILLS* with me, and when I feel a headache, take a dose, which quickly relieves my pain. I have ever found, that *ALEX. PILLS* are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to have *ALEX. PILLS* in my pocket, as they are a valuable remedy.

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## THE JOURNALISTIC JOKERS.

### LAUGHABLE STORIES FOUND IN OUR EXCHANGES.

#### AN ABSURD ASTROLOGER—Shortening the Sentence—Lived in—The Best Men—The Man at the Window.

"I'll never pay it! Every one of my neighbors has advised me to stand a law-suit first!"

He drummed on the desk with his fingers.

"But I will pay it this one time, as my sister is sick and I don't want the law to kick in the doors and climb through the windows."

He held out his hand.

"But another time I'll law you—I'll before I'll pay! There's the money!"

He made change, whistling softly to himself, and as she put the bill in her purse, he slipped out.

"Even a grave robber ought to be found, forgive and thrash slugs and bran into the brine, where they instantly die. It is well, also to go around in the morning; and many slugs will be found hiding under the pieces of slate, and can be destroyed in the brine. By following up this method persistently for a few weeks the garden may be effectually rid of the slugs."

But he didn't hear her. He was figuring at the ledger again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### The Kurile Islanders.

The Kurile islands, forming an almost unknown archipelago, drop like a chain of small links from Kamtschatka down to the Japanese island of Yesso, so close in the Okhotsk sea from the North Pacific.

The Kuriles are mostly ceded by the czar to the mikado, in exchange for the large island of Saghalin. The islanders are a small, hardy, honest, and peaceable. By the Aleuts they are called the "hairy men," but whether this is because they dress entirely in skins or because they are sparingly provided with that arctic nudity, a belief is held that they are more courageous and undaunted than the lives of the Kurileans can scarcely be imagined. Living on what is not much more than a succession of huge steppingstones from Kamtschatka to Japan, they are exposed to the full fury and rigor of the winters of the far North. The spring is comparatively pleasant, but when the summer comes, the island is an impenetrable wall seems to be raised between the islands and the mainland. The fogs clear off, there is a brief glimpse of a low sun, and then the cold winter comes down blackly again. Not a thing grows on the island except moss, the whole group being destitute of tree, shrub, or blade of grass. For when the islanders go to sea, they may catch in their fishing and hunting expeditions, with the rare addition of a little bear's meat, whenever bear is adventurous enough to swim off from the mainland. Just as the islands are destitute of foliage, so they are of animals, the only creature on them, beside the natives, being a breed of small, swift foxes.

The habits of the Kurileans are in keeping with the surroundings. Hardy and adventurous, having no such word as home in their meagre language and no appreciation of such an institution, they roam in their canoes from island to island, killing whatever breathes, putting up rude huts when they are unable to find shelter, and generally spending anything like shelter and living in their boats. Solitaires are they used to the art of construction that, unlike their fellow-men, they do not build canoes, but make up what are called baidaras, a class of craft that is as primitive as the rest of their habits. Weeds are not infrequent, and the islanders are continually springing a heavy leak an hour after they are launched. To keep them afloat the Kurileans always put a load of moss and a couple of women on board, the plants are never infested with insects, and the crop never fails.

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"And I will give you mine. That makes your nomination sure. Will you accept?"

"Yes."—*Philadelphia Call.*

#### Used to It.

At a hotel in a neighboring town recently there was quite a rumpus in a room to which a card party had retired. Before the disturbance ceased three men were knocked senseless, two tables and a chair were broken, and the fire department called out, while all the guests filled the hall and the ladies screamed in alarm. After it was all over a peaceful scene was heard issuing from an adjoining room. Some of those present who had a curiosity to see who could sleep through such a noise, pounded on the door until they extricated a sleepy "I have a night-cap and the head soon appeared at the door, and the voice attached inquired:

"What's wanted?"

The situation was explained, and the stranger replied:

"Be a row, ch? Well, I don't mind such little affairs. I was brought up in a college town and boarded next door to a theological seminary."—*Chicago Tribune.*

#### The Man at the Window.

"You've got some nice wood over there in your yard," said a seedy-looking tramp to an Austin Avenue lady.

"Yes," said the lady of the house.

"I would like to carry it in for you," said he.

"My husband intends to carry it in," she replied.

"I will," said the tramp. "I will carry it in and put it nice if you will give me no trouble."

At this offer the lady consented, and the tramp went to work.

After he had carried in the couple of armpits he layed them on the pile with his claws on his knees and his face buried in his hands.

"What's the matter?" said she.

"Oh, lady," said he, looking up, "I am so weak, for I have had nothing to eat since day before yesterday," and he again covered his face with his hands. This seemed to rouse the lady's sympathy and she went in and soon returned with a meal fit for a king. After he had swept everything from the board he was still some sort of a capital, and make infrequent and erratic visits to the village of Shumshu, which, after all, is little more than a collection of huts and nearly rapidly falling into decay and huts nearly

#### Slam's Floating Capital.

In many parts Rankok is more Venetian than Venice itself, writes a traveler. In the queen of the Adriatic, despite those "bright streaks veins" which modern poets make such a stir—one can walk through fully two-thirds of the town without being indebted to the traditional gondola at all. In the streets, the gondolas are few, and the main street is the river, and there are no side streets at all. Your opposite nighty bor lies upon the other bank, and be calling on him you have to call a boat. The native children play in the water as they would play on land elsewhere, and many of the houses, moored to the shore, call of ratten, rist, and farr, and with a wide, wide smile.

He strolled himself on a curiously-shaped island, after having two or three violent spasmodic contractions of the stomach, he lost his ill-gotten breakfast. Indeed his stomach would have, followed suit had it not been thoroughly devoted to his digestion. He believed that he was poisoned, and he became very ill indeed. As soon as he had

regained strength enough to feel he slowly retraced his steps and found the lady standing in the front door.

"Madam," he said in piteous tones, "my breakfast did not stay on my stomach. I believe I am poisoned."

"I suspect you little game, having been caught once before in the same way, so I prepared myself for it by dosing your coffee with tartar emetic. Now let me give you a little advice: Never again let your rascality get away with your breakfast. To beat a dead-beat boats everything, 'Ta-ta,' and she said that down his front. The man strolled sorrowfully down the street, wondering, no doubt, where and how he could get a breakfast that would stay with him.—*Times-Sentinel.*

#### The Man at the Window.

You would have said as you looked him over that he was a man of fiery temperament, and that it was natural for him to make his way through life, but you would have been sadly mistaken. He was writing away in his ledger when a man came in, shoved his gas-bill into the window, and said:

"Mr. Hartwell," he said in piteous tones, "my breakfast did not stay on my stomach. I believe I am poisoned."

"I suspect you little game, having been caught once before in the same way, so I prepared myself for it by dosing your coffee with tartar emetic. Now let me give you a little advice: Never again let your rascality get away with your breakfast. To beat a dead-beat boats everything, 'Ta-ta,' and she said that down his front. The man strolled sorrowfully down the street, wondering, no doubt, where and how he could get a breakfast that would stay with him.—*Times-Sentinel.*

"The smile continued. "Why people will stand out such outrageous things is a puzzle to me," continued the man, as he flung his gas-bill in after the bill. "I never burned six dollars worth of gas last month, and I'll swear to it."

The rebate was deducted, change made, and the man at the window passed away.

"You're in trouble," muttered the other. "I am so hanged if I can't lick any three-groat man in Detroit."

He expected a reply, but none was given. The smile faded out to some extent, but perhaps that was because the pen made a blot on the ledger.

The next come was a short, fat woman with an eye full of brimstone, and you could see that she was aching for a riot.

"Can I have my pocket picked in here?" he said.

"And robed of the bread which my fatherless children are crying for?"

He nodded.

"And robed of the bread which my fatherless children are crying for?"

He nodded.

"Do you hear me—over six dollars?"

He heard.

"And I didn't have but one burner going, and that was shut off for four straight nights! And I can bring twenty witnesses to swear that the gas was poor that I couldn't read the accounts of the press. Bulletin boards are covered daily with the bulletins from the latest papers, arranged under the leading heads of current topics.

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

### Destroying Slugs.

Vick's Magazine has the following plan for catching slugs: Take some pieces of slate, or flat stones, or flat pieces of tin, and lay them about in the garden, and the slugs, disliking the very liberality, just as sundown go out and place a teaspoonful of brand on each piece of slate or tin, and the slugs will soon become aware of it, and begin to gather and feed on it. In about two hours, when it is dark, go out again with a lantern and a pail containing salt and water, and a stone, and lay the pieces of slate and brand on a bright, sunny day. Then them in bunches and hang up to dry.

A writer in a scientific journal ridicules the idea that apples sweat, and that they will require a deep and fair soil. Thyrs, sweet, savor, and acid soil. Cut them just before they bloom and stems. Cut them just before they bloom and stems.

"But another time I'll law you—I'll before I'll pay! There's the money!"

He made change, whistling softly to himself, and as she put the bill in her purse, he slipped out.

"Even a grave robber ought to be found, forgive and thrash slugs and bran into the brine, where they instantly die. It is well, also to go around in the morning; and many slugs will be found hiding under the pieces of slate, and can be destroyed in the brine. By following up this method persistently for a few weeks the garden may be effectually rid of the slugs."

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#### The Kurile Islanders.

The Kurile islands, forming an almost unknown archipelago, drop like a chain of small links from Kamtschatka down to the Japanese island of Yesso, so close in the Okhotsk sea from the North Pacific.

The Kuriles are mostly ceded by the czar to the mikado, in exchange for the large island of Saghalin. The islanders are a small, hardy, honest, and peaceable. By the Aleuts they are called the "hairy men," but whether this is because they dress entirely in skins or because they are sparingly provided with that arctic nudity, a belief is held that they are more courageous and undaunted than the lives of the Kurileans can scarcely be imagined. Living on what is not much more than a succession of huge steppingstones from Kamtschatka to Japan, they are exposed to the full fury and rigor of the winters of the far North. The spring is comparatively pleasant, but when the summer comes, the island is an impenetrable wall seems to be raised between the islands and the mainland. The fogs clear off, there is a brief glimpse of a low sun, and then the cold winter comes down blackly again. Not a thing grows on the island except moss, the whole group being destitute of tree, shrub, or blade of grass. For when the islanders go to sea, they may catch in their fishing and hunting expeditions, with the rare addition of a little bear's meat, whenever bear is adventurous enough to swim off from the mainland. Just as the islands are destitute of foliage, so they are of animals, the only creature on them, beside the natives, being a breed of small, swift foxes.

The habits of the Kurileans are in keeping with the surroundings. Hardy and adventurous, having no such word as home in their meagre language and no appreciation of such an institution, they roam in their canoes from island to island, killing whatever breathes, putting up rude huts when they are unable to find shelter, and generally spending anything like shelter and living in their boats. Solitaires are they used to the art of construction that, unlike their fellow-men, they do not build canoes, but make up what are called baidaras, a class of craft that is as primitive as the rest of their habits. Weeds are not infrequent, and the islanders are continually springing a heavy leak an hour after they are launched. To keep them afloat the Kurileans always put a load of moss and a couple of women on board, the plants are never infested with insects, and the crop never fails.

"And I will give you mine. That makes your nomination sure. Will you accept?"

"Yes."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Used to It.

At a hotel in a neighboring town recently there was quite a rumpus in a room to which a card party had retired. Before the disturbance ceased three men were knocked senseless, two tables and a chair were broken, and a table was broken, and the fire department called out, while all the guests filled the hall and the ladies screamed in alarm. After it was all over a peaceful scene was heard issuing from an adjoining room. Some of those present who had a curiosity to see who could sleep through such a noise, pounded on the door until they extricated a sleepy "I have a night-cap and the head soon appeared at the door, and the voice attached inquired:

"What's wanted?"

The situation was explained, and the stranger replied:

"Be a row, ch? Well, I don't mind such little affairs. I was brought up in a college town and boarded next door to a theological seminary."—*Chicago Tribune.*

#### The Man at the Window.

"You've got some nice wood over there in your yard," said a seedy-looking tramp to an Austin Avenue lady.

"Yes," said the lady of the house.

"I would like to carry it in for you," said he.

"My husband intends to carry it in," she replied.

"I will," said the tramp. "I will carry it in and put it nice if you will give me no trouble."

At this offer the lady consented, and the tramp went to work.

After he had carried in the couple of armpits he layed them on the pile with his claws on his knees and his face buried in his hands.

"What's the matter?" said she.

"Oh, lady," said he, looking up, "I am so weak, for I have had nothing to eat since day before yesterday," and he again covered his face with his hands. This seemed to rouse the lady's sympathy and she went in and soon returned with a meal fit for a king. After he had swept everything from the board he was still some sort of a capital, and make infrequent and erratic visits to the village of Shumshu, which, after all, is little more than a collection of huts and nearly rapidly falling into decay and huts nearly

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